

*The history*

For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,  
Yer giues hee not till judgement guide his bouny,  
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;  
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,  
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heate of action,  
Is more vindicative then iealous loue.  
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect,  
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector*:  
Thus saies *Aeneas* one that knowes the youth,  
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate soule  
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.

*Aga.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now *Ajax* hould thine owne.

*Troy.* *Hector* thou sleepest awake thee.

*Aga.* His blowes are well dispo'd, there *Ajax*, trumpets.

*Diom.* You must no more.

*Ene.* Princes enough so please you.

*Ajax.* I am not warne yet, let vs fight againe.

*Diom.* As *Hector* pleases.

*Hect.* Why then will I no more,

Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,

A couzen german to great *Priams* feede,

The obligation of our blood forbids,

A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:

Were thy commixtion Greeke and Troyan so;

That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:

And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge

All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers blood,

Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister

Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent

Thou shouldst not beate from mee a Greekish member,

Wherein my sword had not impresse made.

But the iust Gods gainesay,

That any day thou borrowd'st from thy mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,

Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:

By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,

*Alarum.*

*Hector*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Hector* would haue them fall vpon him thus,  
Cozen all honor to thee.

*Ajax.* I thanke thee *Hector*,  
Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,  
I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,  
A great addition earned in thy death.

*Hect.* Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,  
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowdft (O yes)  
Cries, this is he, could promise to himselfe,  
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

*Ene.* There is expectance heere from both the sides,  
What further you will do.

*Hect.* Weele answer it,  
The issue is embracement, *Ajax* farewell.

*Ajax.* If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
As feld I haue the chance, I would desire,  
My famous cofin to our Grecian tents.

*Diom.* Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*  
Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

*Hect.* *Aeneas* call my brother *Troilus* to me.

And signifie this louing enterview

To the expectors of our Troyan part,

Desire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen.

I will go eate with thee, and see your Knights.

*Ajax.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

But for *Achilles* my owne searching eyes,

Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

*Agam.* Worthy all armes, as welcome as to one,

That would be rid of such an enemy.

From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

*Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

*Agam.* My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.

*Mene.* Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.

*Hect.* Who must we answer?

*Ene.* The noble *Menelam*.

*Hect.* O you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,

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